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A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Waterford:

Printed for the AUTHOR, by JOHN BULL.

1810.

DEDICATION.

TO

PETER WALSH, ESQ.

BELLINE.

SIR,

IN taking the liberty of dedicating these Poems to you, I experience a peculiar gratification. It is the best manner in which my humble ability can acknowledge the countenance you have shewn me. Unsolicited and unhoped for, your proffered aid and protection have encouraged me to aspire to the meed of public approbation, which has been rendered ten times more proud and

precious by the reflection, that it should be conferred by my native country. The work, to which you have put the first hand, has thriven with unparalleled prosperity: nearly two hundred copies have been bespoken in the short space of three or four weeks. If I were eloquent, or had ever found out that gratitude has store of words, I should say a great deal on this occasion: as it is, I make but an abrupt conclusion, and subscribe myself,

Sir,

Your devoted,

And most obedient humble servant,

J. S. KNOWLES.

August 20, 1810.

AHAL, ✻ THE TAN

TO

MR. CHERRY

I respectfully present my thanks for his careful revision of these Poems. They owe to his judicious and tasteful pen innumerable advantageous corrections.

J. S. KNOWLES.

August 20, 1810.

POEMS,

&c. &c. &c.

WATERFORD.

From yonder rock,
Fantastic dress'd with yellow-blossom'd furze,
Beside her wealthy stream enthron'd, fair looks
The Suir's Queen! I love to see her tide
Bring the rich burthen to its mistress' feet,
Swelling, the while, as in its servitude
'Twere proud. Fair are her daughters—Tell me where
In Erin's land our daughters are not found
The boast of Beauty?—And her Sons I ween
Are like the Sons of Erin. Suir's Queen!

Two moons—two lonely moons have seen me near thee
A noteless stranger, yet thy minstrel; for
I love my Erin:—There is not a spot
In her green isle, I do not love for her.

THE MODEST MAID.

"I PRITHEE what," young Lubin cries,
"Is half so bright as Chloe's eyes?
"My Chloe is the sweetest maid
"That ever bloomed in court or glade.
"Has she not wit, and has she guile?
"And then her witching dimpl'd smile."—
I only smil'd at what he said,
And sigh'd for thee, my modest Maid.

Colin would talk of "Celia's air,
"Her shape—there never was so fair,
"Her fairy foot, that well became
"So sylph like and so soft a frame;
"Her melting accents, that could move—
"Could teach Philosophy to love!"—

I only smil'd to hear the swain,
And sigh'd, "my modest maid," again.

Ne'er had the contest ceas'd, but I
(Perhaps it was for harmony,)
Propos'd to either wrangling wight,
A toast which none that lov'd could slight;
I rais'd the bumper with a smile,
My soul upon my lip the while,
Nor long the pledge suspended staid,
When I had given—"THE MODEST MAID."

Not yet the wine touch'd Lubin's lip,
And Colin had but ta'en a sip,
My goblet, rosy to the top,
Now could not shew one blushing drop.
Thy Strephon did not care to boast
The triumph of his matchless toast,
But thought 'twas better felt than said
That Myra was the modest maid.

Yet where's the maid, that can compare
Her charms with thine? O Heav'ns how fair!
Each charm of face and form you have,
That fancy would create for love:
But not to beauty's magic wile,
Howe'er divine in thee her smile,
My heart's adoring tribute's paid,
I boast to love THE MODEST MAID.

THE SEA SIDE.

A STORM.

MARK how imperial and majestical
The wild sea looks, moving her myriads
Of huge and heavy waves to the shout of winds
And roar of thunder! That's their music, which
Inspirits them to this mad uproar, and
This is their revelry. Can you not think
They have their language, and it is a crowd
Of hoarse and hollow voices that you hear
Making this dinning clamour? At the top
Of yonder cliff, just by the brink, you see
There is a hut; I warrant me it trembles

At these rude gambols of the elements;
Yet does its tenant taste a sweeter shelter
Than he whose massy roof disdains the shock
That seems to rend the heav'ns.

ROBIN AND ANNA.

She listens—" 'Tis the wind," she cries,
  The moon that rose so full and bright
Is now o'ercast; she looks, she sighs,
  And fears 't will be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed; her mate,
  A fisherman, was out at sea,
" The night is dark, the hour is late,
  " The wind is high, and where is he?"

" O who would love? O who would wed
  " A wand'ring fisherman; to be
" A wretched lonely wife, and dread
  " Each breath that blows when he 's at sea?

Not long was Anna wed ; one pledge
    Of tender love, her bosom bore—
The storm comes down, the billows rage,
    Its father is not yet on shore!

" O who would think her portion bless'd,
    " A wand'ring seaman's wife to be,
" To hug the infant to her breast,
    " Whose father 's on a stormy sea?"

The thunder bursts, the lightning falls,
    The casement rattles with the rain;
And as the gusty tempest bawls,
    The little cottage quakes again.

She does not speak, she does not sigh,
    She gazes on her infant dear;
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
    Which dims its mother's with a tear.

" O who would be a seaman's wife,
" O who would bear a seaman's child,
" To tremble for her husband's life,
" To weep because her infant smil'd ?"

Ne'er had'st thou borne a seaman's boy,
Ne'er had thy husband left the shore,
Thou ne'er had'st felt the frantic joy
To see thy Robin—at the door!

To press his weather-beaten cheek,
To kiss it dry and warm again;
To weep for joy, thou could'st not speak—
Such pleasure's in the debt of pain!

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,
Thy little couch of love, I ween,
Were ten times sweeter than the last,
And not a cloud that night was seen.

O happy pair!—the pains, you know,
Still hand in hand with pleasure come;
For often does the tempest blow,
And Robin still is—safe at home.

NIGHT.

COME on! thou lonely hour, come on! the day
Looks drowsy, and all-stirring nature droops
With wholesome heaviness;—come on! 'tis time!
I welcome thee!—no taper, to dispel
Thy gloom, I light—yonder's my candle which
Nothing molests thee, but doth well beseem
Thy grave and silent presence—now thou com'st,
And in my pensive mood I smile;—methinks
It is brave company I keep—these stars
And yonder moon—here's goodly conversation
And noble intercourse for man! where art thou
Friend of my soul that taught'st mine eye this bright
And lofty contemplation? When thou would'st trace
This pictur'd dome empyreal and would'st mark

Cassiópéïa, or the ransom'd prize
Of gifted Perseus; I little thought
One profit of thy pupil was to be
The sigh that now remembers he has left
His lov'd preceptor's side.

BELMONT,

THE SEAT OF MAJOR BISSET.

SWEET Belmont be my theme! the while
   A grateful wanderer shall pay
His little tribute for the smile,
   That did his lone and rugged way
With hospitality beguile.

And sweeter was that smile, for he
   In vain had looked for it before,
Where first he hoped its beam to see;
   And near despair'd to see it more
In men of loftier degree.

O Belmont! 'twas a son of care
  You welcom'd to your friendly door—
A poor and noteless wanderer,
  Whose days of rest and joy seem'd o'er,
'Ere mellow yet life's summer were!

But not a son of care, thy guest,
  He sat beside thy friendly board;
Not half so plenteous in its feast
  As that it was with welcome stor'd,
Which is the fare of richest taste.

Yes! he, impell'd by adverse fate
  From ev'ry tie of love to roam,
As by your social board he sate,
  Forgot he was without a home,
With your benignant smile elate!

O Belmont! hear my humble lay,
  Nor turn thee from the grateful meed—

The meed that yet is proud to say,
   'Twou'd ne'er have sought thy smile, indeed,
Tho' fain it would thy smile repay.

Now, fare thee well!—where'er I roam,
   Whene'er a welcome smile I see,
Belmont, the thought of thee shall come,
   That when a wanderer, with thee
I found the sweets of sweetest home!

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

VARIETY.

HAIL subtle genius! soul of all delight,
Variety! a little fairy wight,
With eye of rainbow made, and cheek beset
With dell and dimple;—tresses, some of jet
And some of gold, with every hue between,
And lips of coral, bright as ne'er was seen
In mortal nor in elf beside; with rows
Of pearl within, as sea-nymph only shews.
Her shape to all proportion, that agree
With fancy's countless rules of symmetry,
She 'll turn at will. Her air alike she 'll change
To ev'ry mien in whim's unbounded range;

And her complexion will beguile you so,
'Tis sometimes bright nut-brown, and sometimes driven snow:
And if she speak, you 'll hear her accents fall
In every tone that is, and each is musical!
Thus will she pass along; nor does she arm
Her hand with either potent wand or charm,
But, thro' the medium of our senses, tries
To rule our ebbing joys, that, else, no more wou'd rise.

THE HEART STRINGS.

THE heart 's a lyre of many strings,
Whose various cadence fate doth move,
As blithe, or sad the theme she sings
The sweetest string doth wake to love.

And when, in kind and gentle soul,
She touches, soft, that tuneful one;
There's not a string among the whole
But vibrates with a magic tone.

The very frame partakes the sound,
And vies with its melodious tongue;
And ev'ry living thing around,
Seems mov'd to rapture and to song.

But, if with harsh and sullen mood,
  That sweet and tender string she takes,
And touches oft with finger rude,
  Until the warbler's strain'd, or breaks.

There's not a string in all the range
  Doth vibrate with accordant tone,
But all's a sad and rueful change—
  The music of the heart is gone!

LINES

ON THE LAST OF THE IRISH HARPERS.

INSCRIBED TO MR. HERBERT, BY WHOSE DESCRIPTION OF THE MINSTREL THEY WERE SUGGESTED.

WERE not the lovely goddess blind,
  Did she her gaudy minion seek,
  It were a blush for fortune's cheek,
The muse can seldom call her kind!

But, on her minion's cheek—O! there
  Let shame imprint its deepest dye,
  That e'er, by rude adversity,
The son of song 's a man of care.

O pity! that the tuneful tongue
Should ever faulter through a tear,
Or tuneful hand, we love to hear,
Should own a heart by anguish wrung.

Poor Hampson! last of all his peers!
The patron's smile had ceas'd to grace
The only of the minstrel race,
A bard of many—many years.

A hovel was the minstrel's hall,
The minstrel's couch, a pallet mean,
And humble was his cup, I ween,
Nor EVER READY at his call.

And, save the traveller that came
At times to wake the master's pride,
No friend the minstrel had, beside
His harp—which ever was the same.

For it had serv'd the minstrel, young,
  And seen the smile of other days—
  The times of favour and of praise—
And still it bore as sweet a tongue.

A thing it was, uncouth to see,
  Unwrought with colouring or gold;
  'Twas fashion'd as the harp of old—
'Twas only made for harmony!

And dear was lov'd the vassal true;
  For, ever near the ministrel's side,
  Now, more his solace than his pride,
E'en where he slept it slumber'd too.

And well it paid him with its strain—
  For oft, I guess, the restless smart,
  That 'woke within his world-sick heart,
Its sympathy did lull again.

I grieve 'twas ne'er my lot to see
This last of Erin's minstrel race,
For dear I love each little trace
Of Erin, as she us'd to be.

But I have heard his praise from One,
Whose native soul was form'd to praise
The melody of Erin's lays—
Her genuine and loyal son!

The Minstrel had the skill to move
The heart, no less than charm the ear;
At will, could bring the list'ners tear,
His touching cadence to approve.

And then, with all the master's guile,
With rapid hand he'd change the lay
To lightsome lilt, and charm away
That tear, 'till all the soul would smile!

Nor be the muse asham'd to tell,
    If less had been the minstrel's skill,
    She would have lov'd to praise it still,
Because he priz'd his country well.

For it had been, in better days,
    Long past, the minstrel's lot to roam;
    He could have found a foreign home,
But sought the land that own'd his lays.

The minstrel's day of toil is o'er;
    His harp is dumb, his hand is cold,
    His feats of song shall oft be told—
But, ah! they shall be heard no more!

And hear, ye sons of wealth, he died
    Uncherish'd, unconsol'd and lone—
    A bard to patronage unknown—
This man who was his country's pride!

VACCINATION,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

At the instance of a friend, by whose opinion I ever feel myself proud and happy to be directed, the following poem has been introduced. It was written at a period not very remote, when I happened to be peculiarly interested in the cause of Vaccination, and possessed the most ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the protection which that practice affords against the Small-Pox.

The idea was suggested by a poetical effusion from the pen of Mr. Ring, whose disinterested and indefatigable exertions in promoting the Cow-Pox entitle him to the applause of every friend to humanity. My object was to

expose the anti-vaccinists, whose doctrines deserved to be combated by no other weapon than that of ridicule: whose practices were a course of systematic falshood, calumny and misrepresentation; or else the effect of fanaticism, wrought up to an excess of insanity. It is, indeed, hardly to be credited, that men, who had received the lightest culture of civilization, should utter such monstrous folly, or evince such pure malignity, as have marked the proceedings of those personages. It is also a matter of astonishment, that such a description of men, with such a description of policy, should have greatly succeeded in their object, in opposition to almost the entire medical body of the united kingdom, and the huge mass of evidence afforded by foreign nations. It is a melancholy truth, that their labours produced a rich and plenteous harvest of human misery, in the destruction of thousands and thousands of their fellow creatures, who had otherwise lived to swell the population of our country, and to add to her prosperity and fame. In every other part of the globe, the introduction of the Cow-Pox was hailed and cherished as the inestimable blessing which it is. Our enemies eagerly received it from our hands, honouring it for the divine virtue with which

it is fraught.* National institutions were universally appointed.† In several foreign populous cities the Small-Pox was extinguished; whilst in Great Britain the new practice had to struggle with every embarrassment that inveterate prejudice, illiberality and folly could throw in its way. Soon after its introduction, which was attended by the most happy effects, the weekly bills of mortality having been thereby reduced in an incredible degree, the invi-

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* It is a curious fact, that through the application of Dr. Jenner, the Emperor of the French has liberated several English prisoners.

† Our government was the last to take an active part in the dissemination of the Cow-Pox and when it did take the matter up, it was in such a way that it would have been almost more graceful to have let it alone. Men in high official situations have many things attributed to them, which more legitimately belong to the harpies, who ever attend the levee of power. To such a source I ascribe the present national institution, in which a variety of needless offices, with profuse emoluments are conferred upon men, who possess no great pretensions to such rewards; and from which the great founder of vaccination—the immortal Jenner, has withdrawn his name.

dious anti-vaccinists began to ring the alarm in the ears of credulity, timidity and ignorance, and the Small-Pox renewed its ravages with all its former rigour.

If in constructing the following poem, I was excited by the public conduct of the anti-vaccinists, so did their private characters encourage me to the undertaking: for, to speak in the softest terms, there is not among them a man who desesves to be immortalized for his virtues.

Although there be no need of necromancy, or witchcraft, to put in motion the bad properties of men, I have summoned Hecate and the sisters to assist the anti-vaccinists, whom, without further delay, I shall introduce.

SCENE, A HEATH.

Enter Hecate and Imps.

HECATE.

HEAR ye? my imps! My devils' whelps! hear ye?
Bring me from bog and fen the pois'nous vapour.
Pluck me from head of murd'rous Volcano

Its noisome cap! Hear ye? Before mine eye
Do twinkle! cub! catch me a thunder cloud,
Down with 't! another! now a third, to make
The charmed number.

[*The imps presently encircle Hecate with fogs and clouds, &c.*

Thrifty whelps! I like
Your keen dispatch. Keep ye your watch abroad,
And give me note if benign spirit hold
This way its track. [*Imps vanish.*

Now that I have shut out
The sun, who witching rite, may not behold,
Come! toiling sisters, come!

[*The three Sisters appear.*

1 *Sister.* To do?

2 *Sister.* To do?

3 *Sister.* To do?

Hecate. Enough.

1 *Sist.* I would that thou hadst made thyself the drudge,
I've hands for mine own work.

2 *Sister.* I was about
A trick, whereof the hearing were a feast;
And left undone;

3 *Sister.* And I—

Hecate. Hew! Mistresses,
What more?

1 *Sister.* Why did you summon us?

Hecate. Attend!
Ye maws of mischief! evil-working hags!
Attend, and peace! There is a pestilence
Of human wail, most fruitful to your spleen,
The queen of mortal plague, Variola,
By man yclep'd.

1 *Sister.* I know 't.

2 *Sister.* I know 't.

3 *Sister.* I know 't.

1 *Sister.* A mother in her breast
Nestled a whelp, a thriving cub it was,
And fair to look on, and with many a start
Of baby tricksomeness and crowing mirth,

Did seem to mock the silly doting dam,
That with her eyes did banquet on 't. " Sweet chick,"
Quoth she. " Sweet chick," quoth I, and shook my coif;
Whereat its blood 'gan boil, and what was late
Its velvet case, a lep'rous hide appear'd:
And its fair rounded body, a swol'n mass,
Unsightly—rank, that e'en the mother loath'd
To touch. 'Twas spar'd: but how? the twinkling eye,
For which the dam had given her own, was gone,
And left its little house, ungarnish'd, rack'd,
And drear! One limb was shrunk, and of its use
Bereft another. Seam'd and patch'd the whole,
As of a thousand disagreeing parts,
With a bad grace constrained to accord,
'Twas made; and thus I marr'd!

2 *Witch.* The other day—
A wicked day it was!—as I bestrode
My croaking raven, at a miser's casement,
To cry the death-warning, a fowler shot
My nag. The wight I found had a fair mate,

And young ones nine, to warm his nest for him,
And chirp to him; thereat I doff'd my hose,
Which from a granny's stump, the night before,
I stole; she nursed one in that pest, and threw 't
Among them: of the brood surviv'd not one!*
What say you sisters? this is but one feat
Of thousands I have done with that rare pest.

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* The Small-Pox is attended with a dreadful mortality in some families. It is not uncommon for a little circle of domestic affection and happiness to be compleatly annihilated by such a visitation. About two years ago, I had a melancholy opportunity of witnessing this. The Small-Pox made its appearance in St. Giles's, in London, a quarter inhabited by the lower orders of my countrymen. In my official capacity (being then the resident Inoculator to the Jennerian society) I attended the poor people, every day, for the course of six or eight weeks. The scenes which I witnessed are not to be described. Domestic affection has made the heart of the Irishman its peculiar shrine. Nearly the half of those who caught the small-pox fell victims to it. Great was the wo of fathers and of mothers. There was scarcely a family in which death had not made more or less havoc. I remember well one poor widow woman who had three children: when I visited her, one of them lay dead,

3 Sist. 'Tis thrice three weeks, since, being in the dumps,
I saw the village-rabble on the green,
Making their sports; from grandam to sleek maid,
Grey-beard and boy, whereat my choler grew;
And next day in shape of beggar-quean,
I spread the pest: when next assembled they?
Under the church-yard, I ween, it was—
A dumb and woeful company.

1 Sister. No more!

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another was dying, the third, a fine girl of eleven years of age, was in the first stage of the confluent eruption. The mother had parted with the last article of apparel she could spare, to obtain such things as the gossips had recommended. For several days she had not tasted food. Not one of her darlings were spared to her! Language becomes dumb, when it would describe such misery as this. But what a contrast did the Cow-Pox produce? I saved about forty children by vaccinating them in time, and had the satisfaction to see them resist the Small-Pox, although there was not one that had not been exposed to contagion: nay the greater part had slept in the rooms, or in the beds with variolous patients.

2 *Sister*. No more!

3 *Sister*. Why mar you me?

1 *Sister*. See you not Hecate's eye?
It moves her wrath.

Hecate. Ha' done! enough, I hear.
O! sisters three, a mortal is your foil!
I say a mortal man the charm hath found,
Which can preserve against this precious pest.

1 *Sister*. Hew!

2 *Sister*. Hew!

3 *Sister*. Hew!

1 *Sister*. Here is a rack!

2 *&* 3 *Sister*. Let us bewitch him, dam!

Hecate. He is of heav'n protected.

3 *Sister*. Can we nought
Effect?

Hecate. Attend! If 't be ye cannot blast
The minion, still may ye not mar your worst?
Hear ye?

1 *Sister*. The way?

2 *Sister*. The way?

3 *Sister*. The way?

Hecate. Find out for me some few
Ye can inspirit with your own rank zeal.
To thwart.

1 *Sister*. We will.

2 *Sister*. We will.

3 *Sister*. We will!

Hecate. But heed ye, they be fit;
Who will not stick at fraud. Shameless and bold
As mischief, lyars to the last—a crew
For any thing.

1 *Sister*. I have one at your call:
Sweet mistress, shall I beckon you his fetch,
That you may note him proper.

Hecate. Do it, Hag.

1 *Sister*. Throw in nine bristles of a hog, and tip
Of his uncleanly snout; brain of baboon,
Cruel hyena's heart, liver of lynx,

And lip of lady wench, by naughty rot
That died. The charm 's complete: how like you, Queen,
My bird?

[*Enter the fetch of Doctor Porcus.**

Hecate. It seems the very chick of thee.

1 *Sister.* I suckl'd it! 'twas on an evil day,
I heard the cry of one in travail. Sore
The birth-pang seemed, and I did list, and list

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* To give the reader some insight into the mystery of the charms, by which the fetch of Doctor Porcus is conjured, I must inform him that the Doctor is a man whose manners betray neither the rust of the school, nor the polish of society. He is indeed Doctor Porcus; and both in himself, and in every thing that pertains to him, doth smack of the sty and the mire; he is industrious, but not political in devising mischief. The monkey's tricks are easily found out, so may we say of the tricks of Doctor Porcus. With an affectation of philanthropy, he has the conscience and remorse of a bravo, who carves his dinner with his stiletto. He is a devout votary of Bacchus, into whose most sacred mysteries he has been initiated; it is said, that he has uttered the inspirations of the God; and, in the last place, this son of Æsculapius is the convenient favourite of the *Nymphæ nobiles Veneris*.

Mine heart full, till my viol ceas'd ; thereon,
Like groaning gossip, in I hi'd me, where
In granny's lap the whining whelp did lie ;
Which when I saw, I call'd it cub of mine :
So lik'd it me the look and lineaments
To mark ; for at that time, by devils' imp,
I had a sprite of which this seemed the twin,
The brother cub.*

Hecate. Well, sister ?

1 *Sister.* It deserv'd
My liking ; for, as oft it would refuse,
With yelp and pinch, the nipple o' the nurse,
Unseen I'd give 't my dug, which it would milk
With most voracious maw ; and as it grew,
I'd feed it with swine's marrow, blood of goat,
And witching owl's brains, to its palate fare,
Most dainty.†

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* The sister has not flattered the Doctor's physiognomy.

† This species of fosterage in some measure accounts

Hecate. I foretel, my thrifty hag,
The worthy captain this. Say on.

2 & 3 *Sister.* Say on,
Sweet sister.

1. *Sister.* To mature my darling work,
In cell of alchymist I did immure
The drudging elf! his office, to attend
The bubbling pot, and feed the furnace maw,
And pound the drug, when lack of meaner toil
Permitted.* In his brain, meanwhile, I stirr'd
Conceited thought, and in his heart base pride,
Begetting thrift at trick device and act
Of bold pretence, and herein most content,

---

for the qualifications of Doctor Porcus, and prevents him from passing for a *lusus naturæ*.

* The other occupation of Doctor Porcus was that of the most menial office. The humble origin of a man is his applause and boast, when he has attained to rank and condition, by worth and by merit. Impudence and servility alternately promoted Doctor Porcus.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

Athwart the sea, to scorching region
Of reptile venemous, and beast that prowls
For blood, I did excite. There, from the moon,
In her wicked pow'r, vapour, impregnating
With wildest fantasy the thoughts of men,
I got; and, as on ground, at night, he stretch'd,
Torpid with stupor, from the satyr-feast,
Pour'd into 's brain, whose ready case did gape
To take the precious distilment in.*

Hecate. Sweet hag!

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* Not only Doctor Porcus, but the whole junto of the anti-vaccinists may be supposed to have undergone this operation. Those who have not perused the works of these personages will scarcely credit that they should have uttered such monstrous things. A child, who had been vaccinated, happened some time after to be afflicted with scrophula. The anti-vaccinists immediately caught hold of this case, and very gravely asserted, that the child's face had been changed to that of an ox, by the influence of the new practice! In another instance, they declared that a patient went on all fours, and lowed like a bull, in consequence of having been vaccinated! In a third case, in which the patient was afflicted with an inveterate

2 & 3 *Sister.* O Sister rare!

Hecate. Queen of our art!

Say on!

2 *Sister.* Say on!

3 *Sister.* Say on!

1 *Sister.* Suffice it mates,

---

eruption of *impetigo*, which, in its advanced stage, exhibits a moist and clammy sore, they said that the child was covered with cow's hair, the wool of the blankets having adhered to the affected parts. In short, there was not an eruption of the most simple and common kind which they did not endeavour to transform into some hideous attendant of the Cow-Pox. Here, however, they had to combat an adversary before whom rashness and falsehood could never stand, for he was accomplished in wisdom and truth and virtue—of consummate skill, as a general practitioner, and minutely versed in the knowledge of cutaneous diseases. Before the deliberate and active investigation of Doctor Willan, these fantasies of the anti-vaccinists vanished wherever they were found, and thus the peace and tranquillity of innumerable families were preserved; and the new practice upheld, notwithstanding the outrageous violence of those who attempted to overthrow and crush it.

And mistress mine—my sketch of art, to keep
In human bound—this thing half mortal, half
A witch's spawn, I 've strained, lest that of men
He should be held forbid; but now my charms
I will unbind, and set him loose, to work
Sweet mischief for us.

2 *Sister.* Here 's an adder's fang!
Sister, I pluck'd it from the swol'n hide
O' th' poison'd brat, and for nine moons have kept,
Of precious pow'r—I giv 't thee for thy thrift.

1 *Sister.* Thanks, pretty hag!

3 *Sister.* Here is the venom pouch
Of murd'rous spider; out of twenty charms
I have, it is the best: thereto I 'll add
The sting of gnat, to make more worthy gift.
Take, sister, take.

1 *Sister.* I will! I will!

2 & 3 *Sister.* And now
Sing we our chaunt.

Hecate. But first your shadowy imp
Dismiss.

1 *Sister.* 'Tis done! great Hecate.

Hecate. Begin.

[*Sisters take hands, and with many wild and hideous gestures commence.*

All. We'll do! we'll do!
What shall we do?

1 *Sister.* By twilight.

2 *Sister.* By moonlight.

3 *Sister.* By star light.

All. Or dark night.
We'll do! we'll do!
What mortal wight shall rue.

1 *Sister.* One and two!

2 *Sister.* One and two!

3 *Sister.* One and two,
We'll do! we'll do!
What shall we do?

1 *Sister.* At third hour.

2 Sister. At seventh hour.

3 Sister. At ninth hour.

All. At twelfth hour,

We'll do! we'll do!

What mortal wight shall rue.

Hecate. Sisters, 'tis not in tune! more shrill and harsh,

Strike up the chaunt—yell it more musical.

Yet peace! to work! as to thyself, anon

I'll set his task—now, hags! what next?

2 Sister. A mate!

I have a mate for him.

Hecate. Summon him in!

2 Sister. Here's gall of cormorant, muzzle of cow,

Of lyar's tongue the blister'd part, wi' th' root,

Cranium of horned owl, with a thin part

O' th' *cerebrum,* and tips thrice three of birch

From reeking dunce's back—Now mistress?

[*Enter the fetch of Doctor Lignum.*

Hecate. Thanks!

It likes me well; yet seems it not above

A common mortal, hag, and that most dull
And sightless.*

2 *Sister.* Such it is as it doth seem,
Yet hath it mischief in't; an imp of spleen
And malice: when 't was but 'tween brat and boy
It won my heart, maiming a father-long-legs,
As he did skip on window-pane; no treat
So rare had I before; nor since that day
Have known; with such a stomach of keen spite,
Grinning the while the little urchin play'd
The executioner.

---

* Hecate is well skilled in physiognomy; she reads Doctor Lignum on the instant. I recollect to have seen a motto of the witty and learned Ring's, which would apply admirably well to Doctor Lignum. It was this—*Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.* Mr. Ring had prefixed it to his answer to Mr. Birch, who, as well as Doctor Lignum, is no friend to vaccination. Our Doctor is indeed a most illiterate cub. He can scarcely spell or write. One must wonder that such a man should presume to take a part in a scientific disquisition; however, under the guidance of some of his more humanized brethren, the savage is partly concealed.

Hecate. Oh promise fair!

And didst thou nurse this venom?

2 *Sister.* By mine art

To prime of rankness brought, it will suffice.

3 *Sister.* A third! a third!

Hecate. Shew! Sister, shew!

3 *Sister.* A charm

I have; but it must come from other hand

Nor mine, nor thine, nor thine. Bring me a sprite

O' th' other gender.*

Hecate. Here is such a one.

---

* It would seem from the language of the Sister, that this gentleman is a woman-hater; such a being can have little of the grace of humanity about him: He is indeed the most detestable of the anti-vaccinists; and the less we say about him, the better. I have concluded this little poem in a manner by no means satisfactory to myself. In fact I might as well have left out the two last characters, having said so little about them; but the truth is, that having given one character at full length, it was impossible to say any thing new about the rest; for the whole fraternity have the most striking resemblance to each other.

3 *Sister*: Here is the bone that nameless they do call,
Throw 't in;—another 'clep'd the cuckoo's beak
'Twill come for that.

[*Enter the Fetch of* ———

What think you, mistress?

Hecate. Humph!
'Twill do for want of other.

3 *Sister*. 'Tis a wight
I pitch'd upon for such a thing.

Hecate. No more!
Away with it. Now each one to her task;
And set your stomachs to 't; nor day nor night
Give o'er. Break up the council.—So!—Begone!

[*All vanish.*

THE SMUGGLER.

WHAT think ye now, ye sons of ease?
The Smuggler's life is rough and rude?—
'Mid bawling winds and roaring seas,
He lives a man of cheerless mood?—

Ye little guess, how many a smile
To fortune's rugged frown we owe;
Ye little guess, the son of toil
Has softer ease than you can know.

The chine, that's deep and sheltering,
Thick set with furze and brier and tree,
Contains the Smuggler's hut, a thing
Of rude and motly masonry.

The wall, of rock and flint and stone,
  With tuft of heath and moss between;
The door, a scant and crazy one,
  Of old a stranded wreck has been.

The casement is of many a pane,
  Shatter'd and odd; the frame of clay;
'Tis pervious to the wind and rain,
  And ev'ry thing—except the day.

This is the Smuggler's hut: His skiff
  Rides in the little creek, before;
A weather-beaten sailor—stiff,
  As ever heard the tempest roar!

But something maim'd, as here and there,
  Her splic'd and splinter'd timbers shew;
And the old sail, that does n't care,
  With all its patches, how 't will blow.

"Now bless thee, girl! the wind is fair,
"And fresh, and may not long be so;
"We've little time you know to spare,
"So gi'us a buss, and let us go—"

The Smuggler cries: A wight is he
Fit for his trade. So rough and rude,
He looks like something of the sea,
He is not of the landsman's brood.

His stature 's big—his hazle eye
Glistens beneath his bushy hair;
His face is of a sunny dye,
His hands; his bosom that is bare.

His voice is hoarse, and sounding too,
He has been wont to talk with winds
And thunders, and the boist'rous crew
Of waves, whose moods he little minds.

His little, hardy infant-son
  Doth spraddle on his lusty neck:
His wife, a fair and tender one,
  Doth weep and murmur on his cheek.

He must not stay: the pledges dear
  He hurries from him, with a sigh:
His rugged soul disdains a tear—
  Not but he has one in his eye.

The sail is set. She clears the shore,
  She feels the wind and scuds away;
Heels on her little keel, and o'er
  The jostling waves doth seem to play.

This is the Smuggler's little crew:
  The mate, his tall and strapping son;—
Another active youth, or two,
  Besides an old and childless man,

Who many a storm and wreck had seen;
His head as hoary as the foam
Of the vex'd wave. Once he had been
Another man—had now no home,

Save what the ocean and the winds
Made for him—'twas a restless one:
And they were harsh and wayward friends,—
But ev'ry other friend was gone!

And now the cliff is seen no more;
Around is nought, but sea and sky;
And now the Smuggler ponders o'er
His hopes and fears alternately.

O hope! thou little airy form,
Thou thing of nothing! subtlest thing
That deals in potent spell and charm,
Queen of the little fairy ring!

That dances up and down the beam
  O' th' midnight moon, and likes to play
Such antics, by the witching gleam,
  As scare, or 'rap the sons of day.

Where is that precious gem of earth,
  That costly jewel of the sea,
That human work of nameless worth,
  That meets thy magic imag'ry?

When was the smile of human bliss
  So fair as fiction'd forth by thee?
Thy phantom gives a sweeter kiss
  Than e'en the lover's fairest she!

Illusion blest! How many a son
  Of rude and wayward destiny,
Whom fortune never smil'd upon,
  Has yet been taught to smile by thee!

Now, with thy little golden wand,
 Perch'd on the Smuggler's helm, the wild
And savage sea thou would'st command,
 And make it merciful and mild.

But 'tis a bleak and squally sky,
 A restless, rough and raging sea;
Whose saucy waves thy pow'r defy,
 And make their moody mock of thee.

But little mov'd, thou keep'st thy place
 Beside the stern and hardy wight,
Who looks thee cheerly in the face,
 And nothing apprehends thy flight.

And thro' the realms of waves and winds,
 Regardless of their threat'ning roar;
Thou smiling guid'st, until he finds
 The port, and treads the sunny shore.

The traffic 's made—the treasure stow'd—
  The wind is fair—the sail is spread ;
And, lab'ring with her secret load,
  Scarce heaves the little skiff her head.

Now is the Smuggler's time of care :
  A weary watch he keeps ; nor night,
Nor day he rests ; nor those who share
  The fortunes of the vent'rous wight.

A veering course they steer, to shun
  The armed sail, and aim to reach
The nearest friendly shore, and run
  For some safe creek, or shelt'ring beach.

Which soon at night they near, and then
  Laugh at their fears and perils o'er—
When, lo ! the wary beacon 's seen
  To blaze--An enemy 's a-shore !

Down goes the helm !—about the sheet !—
  The little bark obeys, and now,
To clear the fatal land, does beat
  The heavy surge with lab'ring prow.

She weathers it ; but soon a sail,
  By the faint star-light gleam, they find
Has left the shore : as they can tell,
  It is about a league behind,

In chace of them : along the shore—
  The Smuggler knows it well—there lies
A little creek, three leagues, or more,
  And thither he will take his prize.

There will his little vessel ride,
  Screen'd from the wind and from her foes ;
And in the rugged cliff, beside,
  An ancient cavern he knows,

With bramble and with brier o'ergrown:
  One day a-berry-hunting there,
'Twas when a boy—long time agone—
  He found it out—a wonder rare!

With many a nook and avenue,
  Cut thro' the hard and flinty soil;
A chamber square, a table, too,
  Of earth:—it was a work of toil!

Made by some man of ancient days,
  Who, Heav'n can tell; but such a one
(I give it as the Smuggler says,)
  Could ne'er have been a mortal man!

'Twas known to very few, and they
  The Smuggler's own. And now they spread
Each inch of sail; and bear away,
  And keep her, all they can, ahead.

Well sails the little skiff; but vain
  Their efforts: ev'ry knot they run,
The stranger draws on them amain—
She nears them more than half a one.

Nor dare they try the nook, I fear;
  Now scarce a mile ahead; the foe,
Within three cables' length of her,
  Will dog the skiff where'er she 'll go.

The Smuggler thinks 'tis over now:
  Thrice has he left the rudder, and
The fruitless dew from 's sullen brow
  Has dash'd with his indignant hand!

When lo!—and think you not, there was
  A bright and gentle spirit there,
That hover'd o'er the Smuggler as
  He gave his rudder to despair?——

Just as a heavy tear begins
  Upon the Smuggler's cheek to roll,
Warm from that holiest of shrines,
  The husband and the father's soul,

The cutter springs her mast, and lies
  A useless log upon the seas;
While the staunch skiff her wrath defies,
  And likes the fair and fresh'ning breeze.

But look! what comes there now behind?
  The wrath-fraught waves swell high and proud—
It 'gins to grow a squally wind,
  With many a little ragged cloud,

Fleeting before the muffl'd storm,
  Wrapp'd in a hundred clouds, that frown
As dark as death, with giant form,
  Threat'ning, as 't were, to tumble down

With thunder, and with deluge. Now
They come! It blows a hurricane!
Great is the roar, above—below:—
The lightning 's thick as the big rain

That beats and batters the huge wave,
Rolling in wrath along: what now
The Smuggler's little bark can save?
If Heav'n ordains—I think I know.

Her mainsail and her gib are down,
Under her foresail, reeff 'd, she flies
Thro' the black fiery storm, whose frown
Of death the Smuggler still defies;

With dauntless arm the rudder rules,
Erect his brow and bold his mien;
And, as it scowls at him, he scowls
And looks it in the face again.

All night it holds it on; but now,
As night declines, it dies away;
And leaves the blessed east to shew
The rosy lids of dawning day,

Opening its glitt'ring eye; and O,
How radiantly it shines!—It shines
Upon the Smuggler's cliff—'Tis so—
Yet how 'tis so? he scarce divines——

At what a thund'ring rate she came!
'Tis more than thirty leagues from where
The lubber, lubber-like, fell lame,
And miss'd his hungry gripe of her.

But look! who stands upon the beach,
And waves a welcome with her hand?
What little cherub tries to reach
Its father from the nearing land?

O treasures dear! She gains the creek,
  Rolling the curling waves before;
And drives her little eager beak
  Deep in the smooth and sandy shore.

Tell me what gaudy dome of state—
  The haunt of luxury and show—
Contains so blithe a joy as that
  The Smuggler's hut doth shelter now?

O! how he glows again to tell
  What perils he has past—what store
Of merchandise he has—how well
  The skiff her share of duty bore!

Now tell me not, but in my mind—
  Whate'er the smooth and sophist tongue
Of luxury may sing—you'll find
  Your sweetest joys from pain are sprung.

THE STORM,

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

THE COAST OF SICILY.

A Hut by the Sea-side—a Fisherman and a Boy.

FISHERMAN.

HERE 's a black sky! I knew this sultry noon
Foreboded something.

Boy. Master, 'tis a storm———

Fisherman. It thunders yonder; 'twill be here anon—
See, and get in the boat! Haul away, boy!

Boy. There was a flash!

Fisherman. Ay, it comes on apace,
And blackens more and more: 't was still as death—
Now, how it blows, as if 't would tear to tatters;
And bawls at us!

Boy. In! in! good father.

Fisherman. Hold!
Look there!

Boy. A ship driving before the wind! [*Boy goes out.*

Fisherman. So!—Mercy on their souls!

Old Woman, from the Hut. What! Hoa! Josepho!—
Come in, old man! why will you keep abroad
This stormy weather?

Fisherman. Get thee in, good dame,
And shut the door upon the tempest!—Marco!
Holla! boy, holla! Go not near the surf!
Keep up the beach!

Boy, running in. See, father, see! the ship
Has sprung her mast!

Old Woman. Josepho!

Boy. See she drifts
Upon the reef———

Old Women, louder. Josepho!

Fisherman. Nought can save her!
She is a wreck!

Old Woman, louder still. Josepho!

Fisherman. Hoa! I hear thee——

Old Woman. How long am I to bawl and bawl to you?
Come in, old man! How can you keep me here,
And see the tempest beating in my face?
Come in, Josepho!

Fisherman. Shut the door, I say!
There is a wreck driving upon the shore,
And hap'ly I may save some honest soul.
Get in—get in—and find my flask and hook,
And give them to the boy.

Old Woman. Ay! ay! the boy;
And let thy crazy bones fare as they may:
Well! well! Old man, I'll get thy flask and hook——
Ugh! what a day! [*Goes into the hut.*

Fisherman. What cry was that?

Boy. The ship
Has struck, This way, good father—this way.—

 [*Exeunt.*

THE INSIDE OF THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.

Old Woman and Girl.

Old Wom. Look to thy work—mind not the storm for me,
'Tis they will soak—Hear'st thou?—It will pelt in
The roof upon us—Mercy! what a peal
Was there!

Girl. Give me the flask. [*Goes to the door.*] See, how
it lightens!

Old Woman. They are abroad in it, good Jaqueline.

Girl, calling from the door. Josepho!—Marco!—
Hoa!—they cannot hear,
The tempest is so loud.

Old Woman. Prithee look out.

Girl. I cannot see them.

Old Woman. Art afraid to pass
The threshold, girl?

Girl. See, good mother, see——
'Tis all a cloud of spray.

Old Woman. Call out again.

Girl. Josepho!—Marco!—Marco!

Old Woman. They are gone
Among the rocks: I fear me, Jaqueline,
'Twill be a woeful day!

Cavalier, without. Hoa! holla! hoa!

Old Woman. Hark, Jaqueline!

Girl. It is not they.

Cavalier. Holla!
Shelter, good people, shelter!

Girl. 'Tis a horseman.

Old Woman. Bid him alight—would 'twere Josepho!

Girl. Mother, it is a noble party.

Old Woman. 'Tend to them——
Would 'twere Josepho!

Lady, entering with Cavaliers. Thanks, good people, thanks——
Your shelter is most timely; we would fain,
With your good leave and pleasure, profit by it,
Until the storm is past.

Old Woman. Ay! 'tis a storm!
Why, Jaqueline, bestir thee, girl; a fire!
Hurry, I say!—would my old man were come!

Pray, lady, sit;—and you, kind gentlemen;

Nay, pray you———

Cavalier. Dame, we may not.

Old Woman. Nay—

Cavalier. You see,

In yonder lady, the king's daughter.

Old Woman. How?

What say you? the king's daughter!

Fisherman, without. Holla! hoa!

Open the door!

Old Woman. Thank Heav'n! it is Josepho.

[*Fisherman brings in a Stranger in his arms.*

What have you there?

Fisherman. A mariner, good wife,

Sav'd from the wreck.

Lady. Poor luckless mariner!

What! is he dead?

Fisherman. I hope not, lady;—dame,

Your cordial—quick! he faints for loss of strength;

For as I watch'd the wreck, I saw him stand

Upon the prow. His hands towards Heav'n he spread;

Then clasp'd, then spread again, and straight he sprung
Into the sea, all roaring as it was,
And white again with foam. Awhile I saw
No more; at length, now borne aloft, now dash'd
Below, he seem'd to gain the beach.—Your cheek,
Sweet lady, as I tell of it, is pale;
And yet, unless yourself were in my place,
You could not think the horror that I felt,
To see the drowning man just in my reach,
And yet without my aid! At last his strength
Seem'd gone, and, with a faint essay, his hands
He rais'd—then sunk——breathless I watch'd the wave,—
It threw him at my feet!

Lady. Merciful pow'rs!

Old Woman. See, he revives!

Lady. He lifts his eyes to Heav'n,
And moves his lips, but cannot speak.

Fisherman. 'T would seem,
The ship that has been stranded, is a pirate,
For this appears to be a Christian slave.

Lady. Such a one truly shou'd have known hard bondage.

Methinks I never saw a human form
That look'd so wofully;—despair, methinks,
Cannot resemble more itself than him.

Fisherman. Speak, friend; art better?

Stranger. Do I owe my life
To you?

Fisherman. To Heav'n.

Stranger. O, yes! to Heav'n and you:
Tell me, my friend, am I in Sicily?

Fisherman. You are——He faints again!

Lady. Whene'er he speaks,
There is a something in the sound which chills
My heart's blood!——Has it not abated yet?
Let us begone.

Stranger. How far is Syracuse?

Fisherman. A league from hence.

Stranger. Now tell me, briefly, lives
The daughter of the king?

Old Woman. Alas, he raves!

Fisherman. Peace, dame! She lives.——

Lady, to Cavalier. Hear you?

Stranger. In Syracuse?

Fisherman. In Syracuse.

Cavalier. Stranger, why ask you this?

Stranger. I'll answer you. Have you not heard of one
Who lov'd the royal maid? Alphonso was
His name.

Cavalier. What! he, the pride of Syracuse?

Stranger. Whom such they call'd.

Cavalier. I knew him well. Alas!
A rival prince, in furious combat, slew
The goodly youth.

Stranger. 'Twas false! That rival base,
With vaunt of prowess, did excite Alphonso
To secret combat: at the spot agreed
They meet: but how? Alphonso singly came;
His rival with a hired ruffian troop—
Alphonso was betray'd to slavery.

Lady. What do I hear?

Stranger. Alphonso now is free.
He lives and tells you so. Now, answer me,
Is not the princess wedded to that slave?

Lady. Alphonso!

Stranger. Ah! that voice!——

Lady. Alphonso!

Stranger. Yes,

It is my love!

Lady. It is!—it is, Alphonso!

And do you pause? It is your true love still,

And still would be, tho' you were in the grave.

Look on these weeds, they were, my love, for you,

To-morrow they shall change, but not my love;

Alphonso, I am thine!

FINIS.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFO

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